

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 1940 NUMBER 5



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WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

By JOHN TRUMBULL

Lent by Yale University for the
SURVEY OF AMERICAN PAINTING

(See Page 131)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV NUMBER 5
OCTOBER 1940

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

—JULIUS CAESAR

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of
every worthy collection of pictures and museum
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them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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out limit the articles that appear in its pages, with
the usual credit.

THOSE MENTAL RESERVOIRS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Thank you very much for your editorial in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. We appreciate everything you wrote in there, including the fact that thousands of men could fill our places on that program, and do just as well, or perhaps better.* However, there were several other items in this same issue of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE that caught my eye, including a review of the "Birds of Western Pennsylvania," by W. E. Clyde Todd. After a fashion, I made a sports column out of that book, and I enclose a copy for your inspection, if you can afford time to read it. I also have in mind to make a sports column out of this issue of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE some day this fall. I think there is enough material in it for me.

—JOHN KIERAN

*The editorial did not say "perhaps better." That addition denotes Mr. Kieran's modesty.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Just before Mr. Fadiman left for California last night after his broadcast, he asked me to write to thank you for your interesting editorial in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. He was delighted.

—BERT HUNT

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I have read with absorbing interest the article, "Superfluous Information," in "Through the Editor's Window" in the September CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. I do not wish to be patronizing but I feel that you have touched upon and elaborated a subject that should be, if it is not, a matter close to the heart and mind of all parents if they wish any cultural development in their children. While I know that your Magazine has a large circulation, I wish your article could reach the great mass of our young fathers and mothers whose children's minds are in the formative stage, ready to receive what is best.

—BERTHA M. WOODWELL
[Mrs. John Woodwell]

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I am enclosing my check for the renewal of our subscription. . . Dr. Wirts and I both keenly enjoy THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE—we think the variety and content of your articles exceptionally good.

—JESSIE KYLE WIRTS
[Mrs. Carl A. Wirts]

A HARD SAYING—IS IT TRUE?

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

—POPE

A SURVEY OF AMERICAN PAINTING

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute

There is a kind of luxury in seeing, as well as there is in eating and drinking; the more we indulge, the less are we to be restrained.

—JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY



IN the Survey of American Painting now hung in the galleries of the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute we have desired to present the complete course of that elusive quality called art as set

forth by accepted painting in the United States, even if an occasional turn in that course is not approved by present-day standards. For each new generation with its new set of values toward life produces a new interpretation of art, thought of in terms of some new disillusionment.

Last winter, in the American Museum of Natural History, I went with Roy Chapman Andrews, its Director, to see an Audubon painting of a ground squirrel. Then Dr. Andrews took me into the African room, which cost, he told me, about two million dollars. I did wish we could display our paintings in as interesting a fashion as he had shown even one of his groups of antelopes set forth in their natural surroundings. Our present art-museum manner of hanging paintings sadly parallels the old-fashioned natural-history-museum method of setting up unadorned stuffed animals, and that is why the public reviews pictures as a philatelist reviews his album. This is all wrong.

Pictures, like stamps, are created for a purpose. The purpose of paintings is to sublimate the local sense of adorn-

ment as it conforms to the march of social history. So to appreciate a painting properly we do need with each canvas at least some small visual symbol of the social life that surrounded it. If we could see the picture of "Dean Berkeley and His Entourage" above a ladder-back chair, we might know better why Smibert painted like Smibert. If a composition by Walter Shirlaw could hang above an overstuffed horsehair sofa, we might better gain a whiff of an understanding of "The Toning of the Bell." We cannot, I know, have these "props" in such an exhibition as ours. Instead, therefore, I do believe that a hint as to the way in which the success of Copley, or Duveneck, or Speicher has been interwoven with the pattern of his social fabric may add to our understanding of what hangs on the walls.

We speak of our earliest paintings as "primitives." I am not sure why we take such pride in the word. For while these "primitives" provide us with a moment of amused contemplation in our whirligig world, still they lack many of the characteristics of a truly primitive art because our colonists came not from primitive but from sophisticated lands to create here an art primitive only because it was ignorant.

This initial colonial esthetic ignorance was natural enough at the moment when the English were settling among Connecticut boulders. Yet as soon as babies were born and tombstones carved, those who had risen a bit in life desired to make obvious their affluence; whereat the limner achieved recognition. Most of these painters were English. They introduced quantity production. In

winter they painted stock portraits, usually in pairs with "elegant" accessories, complete except for heads. In summer these artists went from town to town seeking a sitter, who after selecting his proper figure could see his own face "painted in" for a fee ranging from ten to forty dollars.

One of these pictures, completed by an unknown sign painter about 1670, is of Governor Gurdon Saltonstall of Connecticut. Another of these artists was the man known about Massachusetts Bay as having painted almost all the family of John Freake, and for the merchant Robert Gibbs three portraits of his children. Certainly those of us who recall our streaming noses and chilblained hands of a New England winter must admire the license with which the "limner" adorned his young sitters with the laces and ribbons of European aristocrats.

Of the earliest painters whose names we do know, two came from the South, two from the North. In the vicinity of Baltimore one Justus Engelhardt Kühn completed his canvas of Henry Darnall III as a boy of seven, equipped with a

bow and arrow, standing before his Negro slave. Again a Swedish artist, John Hesselius, followed the same theme in his portrait of young Charles Calvert of Maryland. Meanwhile, in New England, John Smibert and Robert Feke developed an established recognition. John Smibert came over from Scotland in 1728, at the age of about forty, to make his mark with a conversation piece of "Dean Berkeley and His Entourage" of family and secretaries. Then even while Smibert imported the British conversation-piece technique to the Colonies, Robert Feke organized the first American-born conversation piece commissioned by the wealthiest man in the vicinity of Boston, Isaac Royall of Medford, Massachusetts.

During these decades which led up to 1800 our race was taking any number of social, political, and economic hurdles. The war between England and France reached its climax. The French obtained a temporary foothold in New Orleans. The Colonies won their independence from England. Napoleon sold us Louisiana. Whitney developed the cotton gin. Fulton's steamboat wound its smoky way up the Hudson. Canals extended transportation into the west.

Naturally through all this our visual esthetics cheerfully learned more of trans-Atlantic sophistication. Benjamin West, a Quaker child prodigy, proved responsible for much of our growth. He, when scarcely of age, shook the dust of this country from his feet, studied in Rome, and turned to England in 1763, where by the time he was forty-four he had succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy. What made this kindly, simple, generous man important to our art was his school in London which through the years became the cynosure of the eyes of all young American artists. Again, Charles Willson Peale, one of West's typical pupils, soon found his way back to Philadelphia where, as the story goes, he succeeded so well that when his "Staircase Group" first appeared in the



ROBERT GIBBS, 1670 (ANONYMOUS)

Lent by Theron J. Damon through the courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



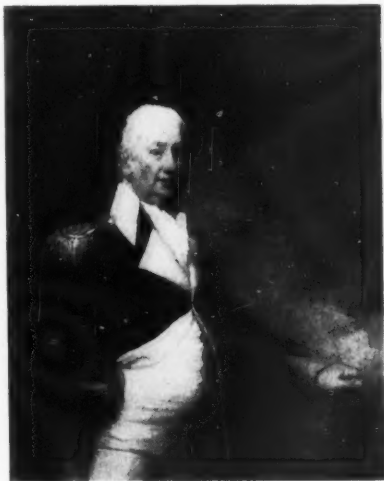
MRS. SEYMOUR FORT
By JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY
Lent by Wadsworth Athenaeum

"Columbianum" Washington was caught bowing absent-mindedly to the young gentlemen represented in the canvas. Ralph Earl likewise studied in England. Yet the moment he returned to America he forsook every manner he had learned abroad. Then John Trumbull, another artist of consequence, during his eighty-seven years earned a first-class reputation for being not only able but untruthful, mean, and ambitious to the point of excluding everybody else from consideration.

The two great names of this period were John Singleton Copley and Gilbert Stuart. Copley's lucid painting has stood for over one hundred and fifty years as the height of American portraiture. Beside him was Gilbert Stuart who outshone all American compatriots with his English technique. Gilbert Stuart's reputation has won above that of Copley in popular acclaim. To some painter folk the ranking is the reverse. It matters little. Copley and Stuart were different in technique and approach, and then as now variety was needed. Moreover, we are prone to regard Copley and Stuart as contemporaries. That would be true in these days of the

"Yankee Clipper." In that age of sailing ships, Europe and America were spoken of as different worlds. On our side of the Atlantic, Copley was the social rage before the Revolution; Stuart was the social rage when peace was declared. Copley took American art to England; Stuart brought English art to America.

After the days of Copley and Stuart came a period which lasted to the summer of the Philadelphia World's Fair, that is, to 1876. During these years the growth of our land was fantastic. In 1820 there were two and one-half million people in the country. By the outbreak of the Civil War we had twenty-three million. The rush began about the time that Andrew Jackson became President. Then towns, factories, mines, and fortunes sprouted overnight. Northern farm lands cultivated wheat. The South produced cotton and tobacco. New York City reached out westward by way of the Erie Canal. Conestoga wagons swarmed over the Alleghenies. Steamboats plied the rivers in the Mississippi Valley. The Baltimore and



GENERAL HENRY KNOX
By GILBERT STUART

Lent by the City of Boston through the courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



THE DEATH OF WOLFE BY BENJAMIN WEST

Lent by National Gallery of Canada

Ohio laid the first railroad. Gold was discovered in California. Immigrant trains lurched painfully across the plains. Clipper ships sailed to Europe in the east and China in the west. Photography appeared, also vulcanized rubber. Bessemer steel was invented. The Civil War brought agonizing years with a devastating aftermath in the South. Puritanism lost its toe hold. Men lived lustily. Cornhusking bees combined pleasure with practical results for the homely. The elite drove trotting horses down the speedway.

Nor was our land purely materially minded. Longfellow and Whittier composed poems. Oliver Wendell Holmes published essays. James Fenimore Cooper and Edgar Allan Poe turned out fiction. Emerson and Thoreau developed philosophies. Walt Whitman prophesied our future. Bret Harte told us of the West. Only with architecture did matters go awry. Perhaps building got into trouble because of our romantic literature. In any event the banks and barns,

tombs and churches of towns like Athens and Syracuse, Rome and Troy were bursting with temple porticoes.

True enough the interest in the visual arts grew milder, yet the sequence was kept alive. In 1802 Robert R. Livingston, our Ambassador to France, purchased casts for the New York Academy of Fine Arts. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts came into being in 1806. The National Academy of Design organized its art school in New York in 1826. In 1849 the American Art Union was made up of those who paid five dollars to obtain each year American engravings and a lottery chance on a work of painting or sculpture. In 1870 both Boston and New York obtained charters for their museums of fine arts.

As a result, though the proportional number of outstanding painters lessened, the circle of the artists increased. Through the early decades the portrait remained the dignified form of painting; but as time went by there

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crept into this symphony of American endeavor more and more landscape and genre canvases. The genre was relatively small in size. Everything else, though, followed in the footsteps of David, who had raised the classical movement to such a height in France that our reflection of these huge heroic efforts frequently went on tour before an American public which paid admission to wonder at results obligingly advertised by local clergymen.

Samuel Morse, so typical of this period in his painting, died regretting that he would be better known as a scientist for his invention of the telegraph than as an artist who painted such handsome portraits as that of Lafayette. But he underestimated his esthetic merit. This

Neagle, worked at his remarkable canvas of "Pat Lyon at the Forge." Neagle indeed led a vicarious career before he settled down in Boston, where a kindly fate permitted him to paint his portrait of Gilbert Stuart, then in his seventy-fifth year.

Though religious and social boundaries slackened early in the nineteenth century, "culture" became more sought after by the light and leading. So the painting of land and sea at last began to win its way along the paths of pomp and circumstance and to replace scenes of human activities in the seats of the mighty. John Vanderlyn, as much as anyone else, gave the first lush impulse to the movement. With Vanderlyn, too, stood a younger aspirant of the

arts whom Vanderlyn had met in Rome. Washington Allston was always society's darling—slender, handsome, cordial, with money in his pocket. He became dean of American painting. Yet remarkably few works remain to justify his fame. The painter in him was subordinate to the personality.

These men, however, prepared the way for a truly native landscape school founded along the picturesque valley of the Hudson. Doughty was the first to paint in quiet tones and brown harmonies the land where the Catskills drop down into the great river. Never in his lifetime did he find success. He died unthought of and embittered in 1856. Yet Doughty's canvases



SIR HENRY IRVING AS PHILIP II
OF SPAIN

By JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER
Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art

gave the impulse to another man who established his merit on the qualities of our untamed mountains and forests. This was Thomas Cole, who by the time he was twenty-five had sold enough work to enable him to paint the Hudson Valley.

Meantime under the wave of Jacksonian social philosophy, the normal American, a restless, whittling, chewing, idea-swapping animal, began to come more and more into his own with an eye for the decoration of circus posters, trade cards, and prints. Consequently, despite heroics and romance, genre painting entered America by way of the commercial cellar door. The man who grasped the most interesting possibilities of this phase of art was George Caleb Bingham, who absorbed the dramatic development of the Mississippi Valley in the atmosphere of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." Of another type was David G. Blythe. Clever with his hands, his ability to draw and his touch of satire turned him to painting, at which he struggled through his years, an itinerant eccentric, vivid in his interpretation of Pittsburgh life.

Up to the days of the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, the surge of progress continued in its crescendo. Already Brady and Gardner had made their extraordinary military photographs. Already the daguerreotype had put an end to the school of miniature painters. As a result, what was set forth

in the Fine Arts Building in the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia indicated that this was an era of a pictorial low. Still the next seventeen years saw art on the upgrade. It is true that esthetic interests were bewildered by the American millionaire who splashed his wealth on his Newport mansions. Just the same we should think twice before we cavil at an age of technical and material achievement. We should thank goodness for this period when Bell invented the telephone, and Roebling threw the Brooklyn Bridge across the East River. For contrary to present-day wishful thinking, art is not a democratic but a plutocratic outgrowth.

The threads of the arts of each decade interweave with the threads of the next. Two such threads from a previous era

were spun by Frederick Church and Thomas Moran. Church, a disciple of Cole, resembled Cole in his romanticism, but proved more skillful in painting the dramatic and investing the proceeds in a Moorish villa on the Hudson. Moran for years on end represented the mountains of North America as Church represented the mountains of South America.

Soon, however, a group led by George Inness and Homer Dodge Martin was to respond more directly to the inspiration of the American outdoors. Inness once wrote four sentences which describe his aims: "The purpose of the painter is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a



PORTRAIT OF MADAME X

By JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art

scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion." Martin was a painter of moods who broke away from traditions to put "little bits of paint alongside each other to try to make them twinkle."

We have had to do with historic monuments and intimate landscape painters. A few other men, though, of those days fall into no categories at all: William Morris Hunt, Eastman Johnson, and Thomas Hovenden. William Morris Hunt once said: "When you paint what you see you paint an object. When you paint what you feel you paint a poem." Sometimes Eastman Johnson represented us in a sympathetically literal manner, sometimes he accented our sentimental side as in his "Old Kentucky Home." Certainly popular treacle dripped from that later canvas. Yet the man who handled such subjects even more successfully was Thomas Hovenden with his "Breaking Home Ties."

Thereafter came the period which extended roughly to the days of the New York "Armory Show" in 1913.

On turning the corner in 1893 everything happened faster. After Theodore Roosevelt had charged up San Juan hill, our Spanish war heroes paraded home before a population now of seventy-six million. Industry organized into trusts and syndicates, and, beset by labor troubles, passed agriculture as the center of interest. Edison developed the electric light. Eastman developed the kodak. Stephen Crane wrote "The Red Badge of Courage." Henry James enjoyed his own convolutions. The Panama Canal was finished. The Wright brothers flew their aeroplane. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" made its mark on our visual impressions. Transports filled with American boys faded into the Atlantic mists. Then were laid the bases for the great foundations. Then The Metropolitan Museum received its first real impetus. Then Major Higgin-



MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

Lent by the City of New York

son supported the Boston Symphony.

Then did Stanford White glare at me under bristling red eyebrows, and tell Mr. Jones to go buy "Gussie's" son a golf bag, while White and my father powwowed in the back office over the Diana that soon topped the tower of White's Madison Square Garden. Then I was sent, as a part of my education, to hear Emma Eames and the de Reszke brothers sing in the Metropolitan Opera House or to see Ada Rehan give "The Taming of the Shrew" with John Drew. Then I was taken to listen to chamber music in the Rembrandt Room of the Henry O. Havemeyers' home on Fifth Avenue, where artists and plutocrats mingled to watch the growth of one of the finest groups of pictures in the world. Then Sunday afternoons the Kneisel Quartette played in my father's studio, with an accompaniment of beer and pretzels, to men of art and men of affairs.

The age of the almighty dollar and the rise in esthetics coincided. This was



THE FOG WARNING BY WINSLOW HOMER
Lent by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

the moment when American art was setting itself to reflect American life. The Columbian Exposition had started things off right foot foremost. The rivalry between the National Academy and the Society of American Artists had added to the stimulus. Such power rests in the roots of the National Academy that its notable position has never been lost. Quite as properly, though, painters like John La Farge, Kenyon Cox, George de Forest Brush, Abbott Thayer, and Thomas Dewing had insisted that if the Academy would not try out new ideas, then the Society of American Artists would continue to promote a more vital expression of contemporary taste.

Although Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, and Albert Ryder did not then hold their present public recognition, they ultimately proved to be the triumvirate which untied the European apron strings of that age; for while they were unlike in spirit and technique, they were alike in their independence of Continental movements and in their consciousness of American life.

Winslow Homer, a simon-pure New

Englander, self-trained from birth in Boston, was our leading representative of American outdoor painting. To those near him understanding, lovable, humorous, and sometimes a bit racy; to the world at large resentful of curiosity hounds; he lived his life in close contact with his subjects, whose essentials he presented with dramatic force and literal honesty. Invariably he gave us the feel of our earth, whether he concerned himself with details of the Civil War, or young ladies playing croquet, or Adirondack guides, or the sea rolling up on the ledges of Maine. He was a leader in his craft because he saw what he loved, loved what he saw, and placed the result before us in such a way that we forget to analyze but remain to regard with ease and affection.

Thomas Eakins learned draftsmanship in the school of Ingres. Then for forty years in Philadelphia Eakins painted sporting episodes and portraits. Like Homer, he lacked any social flair. He rode his bicycle, resembling an unshaved bale of hay. Of an evening, he brought prize-fighter friends home to his tiny, ladylike wife. With a passion

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for truth he did a bit of dissecting at the Jefferson Medical College. Toward the end of his life he wrote: "If America is to produce great painters and if young art students wish to assume a place in the history of the art of their country, their first desire should be to remain in America, to peer deeper into the heart of American life, rather than to spend their time abroad obtaining a superficial view of the art of the Old World."

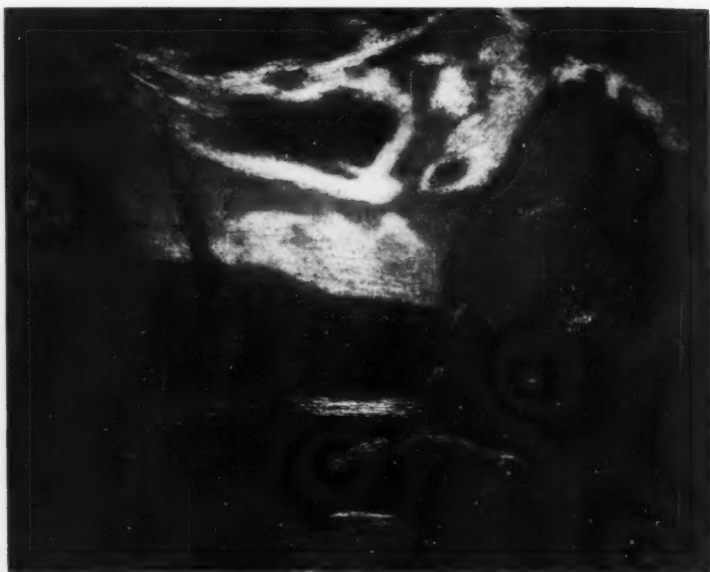
When that obvious genius, Albert Ryder, was born in New Bedford, seafaring New England was idling into a twilight of decay. So it was natural for this poet to wrap about himself the eccentric cloak of a recluse sitting by a cluttered easel in a single room, seeing Nature only as a mood, painting the brooding mystery of other years. His were dreams designed with emotion; dreams of witchcraft, enchanted forests, the solitude of the sea in moonlight, Death riding a pale horse. Through the quality of his clouds he made us believe the reality of his dreams. Technically

he worked over his pictures for years until, as the story goes, to a customer who remarked that he would have his funeral procession stop by and pick up the picture, Ryder answered, "You won't get it even then unless I am satisfied."

All these artists had one common concern which was with the end of painting. Naturally an opposing school, the Munich School, soon began to place emphasis on the means by which the end was accomplished. French art taught dependence on drawing. Munich art taught dependence on an ability to manipulate paint. In this, Frank Duveneck and William M. Chase led all the rest. Duveneck proved technically soundest with his portraits and his figures. He taught his pupils to search for the surface aspect of characters, to develop backgrounds filled with bituminous paint. Chase, known as "the virtuoso of the heavily loaded brush," mixed more of French dressing into his Bavarian fundamentals.



MAX SCHMITT IN A SINGLE SCULL BY THOMAS EAKINS
Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES BY ALBERT P. RYDER
Lent by Phillips Memorial Gallery

These too were the years in which James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt became our "brilliant expatriates." In that period artists bore no nationalistic chips on their shoulders. Painting men and women gravitated here or there as their fancy permitted. Whistler alone definitely stayed away. Others, like Sargent, slightly tinged with a delight in seafaring, wandered to and fro over the sea.

James McNeill Whistler, for all his reputation as a cynical wit, possessed a touch of sentiment which led him to search the world for that romantic fragrance ever around the corner. These days it is fashionable to rise superior to Whistler's art. We are taught to like "he-man" stuff. Tonal qualities we relegate to their own shadows. Nor was that conscious esthete Whistler popular even in his own generation. For Whistler told no story and insisted that Nature was rarely right. To him, if the public failed to be satisfied, the public

had proved itself wrong and had better stay away.

John Singer Sargent, the most brilliant "society painter" of his age, was born with that proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. He came to prominence early with his portrait of his Parisian master, Carolus Duran. From my boyhood days I never remember seeing Sargent either in my father's studio or in his own but what he was absent-mindedly sketching on the back of an envelope. Therein lay the reason why his flashing brush always had more commissions than it could fill. He has been spoken of as superficial and cruel in his analysis. He was nothing of the sort. He remained studious and honest.

Mary Cassatt was the perfect American lady of her day, wealthy, cultured, outspoken. She accepted the French tradition more than any other of our painters. For Degas, on looking at a picture by her, once remarked: "I will not admit a woman can draw as well as that."

That there should exist in Miss Cassatt's work certain impressionistic tendencies is natural; because fifty years ago impressionism by its interest in sunlight provided a needed nervous impulse to paint on both sides of the Atlantic. Among those others who then felt that the principal person in the picture was the light were John H. Twachtman and Childe Hassam, who with their friends formed in the eighteen-nineties that advanced group known as "The Ten," who cleared their palettes of dark Munich colors.

Against such tendencies was a body of painters of local life who bobbed up and down like a snag in the current. Robert Henri, a racy, energetic, fluent technician who believed painting to be a vehicle in which to express the life about him, was the percussion cap that set off the uproar. For it was he who gathered together certain young men, mostly Philadelphia newspaper illustrators ready to break a lance against pseudo-Victorian estheticism. They were Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Everett Shinn, John Sloan, George Luks, Ernest Lawson, and Maurice Prendergast. Their corner-saloon love of city sidewalks caused them about 1908 to become known as "The Ash Can School." They gloried in it.

These men were liberal teachers. They realized that since the Society of American Artists had returned to the National Academy in 1906 there existed no proper opposition to those who stood for things as they had been. So they proved their worth by

sponsoring the "Armory Show" of 1913.

That "Armory Show" was organized by Arthur B. Davies, of all persons in the world; for this apostle of seeing beautifully had come to the conclusion that across the seas existed many ways of painting which should be called to the attention of this country. Davies had energy, financial support, and such friends as Jerome Myers, Walt Kuhn, and Maurice Prendergast. Once these former Parisian students put their heads together they assembled a series of galleries tempestuous with vagaries which broke all previous rules of pictorial decorum with a riot of color and design. At first the newsprint was full of ridicule. Then as time went by the public admitted its freak-consciousness until the distance between cocktail parties and Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Stairs" shortened with every hour.

It is far from easy to say that this or that painter came into prominence before or after all this excitement. True, the sheep and the goats continued to



ELEANOR, JEAN AND ANNA BY GEORGE W. BELLOWES

Lent by Albright Art Gallery

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

glare at one another as ferociously as ever; but now the public could never tell whether they were looking at old sheep and new goats or old goats and new sheep. Nor did the sheep, or perhaps it was the goats, know which way to go once they hopped their fences; for in the turmoil the dust of loose conversation effectually shrouded this ever growing battleground of modernistic and academic ideas. Yet the struggle was good for art even if it did nothing more than produce one man with the strength to rise above all the others, a man neither academic nor modern. He was just George Bellows, a pupil of Henri, an artist of swift technique, of masculinity in an era of soft painters, with an absorption in the everyday life of his people.

The period from the time America entered the first World War through the financial panic to the present has given many a turn to our homes, our workshops, and our facilities for recreation. The radio, twenty-five million automobiles, the American Scene, abstract photography, Gertrude Stein, setback skyscrapers, modernism have been thrown pell-mell into the news of the day, a news that has risen to a dizzy climax by way of prohibition, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Huey Long, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and Mickey Mouse. Naturally in the booming nineteen-twenties art became a luxury supported between Fifty-seventh Street jewelry shops and dressmakers' windows. But when the stock market

took its power dive one October morning in 1929, the explosion proved as disastrous for picture-painting as for banking. Two acts of genuine interest, though, offered some amelioration. On the one hand, an unselfish group of amateurs continued their support. On the other hand, the Federal government took cognizance of the need of official action.

Among the amateurs, I think of Duncan Phillips and his wife and of their wisdom in the development of the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington. I think of Stephen C. Clark and the many pictures that he has lent without a murmur to museums and exhibitions when he felt they would do good to painter and public alike. I think of Bartlett Arkell in whom the artists recognize a patron who, like all the others, neglects to mention the fact that he is a patron. I think of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Back in the Macdougall Alley days of 1904, I first discovered her wise generosity. From then on, her efforts have amplified until, with the understanding assistance of

Mrs. Juliana Force, the Whitney Museum of American Art has become the focus of a major effort.

My list is only a beginning. So many painters would help me add to it. I would call on Edward Hopper to say his say, Edward Hopper who once wrote of his own work, "My aim in painting is always, using Nature as the medium, to try to project upon the canvas my most intimate reaction to the subject when I like it



THE VERMILLION RIBBON
By ALEXANDER BROOK
Lent by the Artist



UNICORNS BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES
Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art

most." I would like to hear from Charles Burchfield, that romantic satirist of awkward small-town architecture. Alexander Brook might speak his piece; Brook, who handles paint with a personal and lyrical zest.

By 1932, however, the financial situation had become so bad that aid to artists was beyond the power of private individuals or endowed galleries. Whereat Edward Bruce, painter and executive, invited a number of us to Washington to attend a meeting of what eventually became the Section of Fine Arts of the Treasury Department which has to do with the decoration of Federal buildings. This effort later resulted in a program of artists' relief, directed today by Holger Cahill under the Work Projects Administration, Federal Works Agency. Even as one group of artists would make their bow of gratitude to the generous amateurs, so I know that other men would speak in meeting for this Government encouragement. I think of Henry Varnum Poor, technician, designer of simplicity and charm, and those with him who have done such fine work in public buildings.

However, confidence did return; and then it was that American art swung into a nationalistic abjuration of foreign work. The result has not been just one type of interpretation of our land. Guy

Pène Du Bois gives us his sophisticated reflection of the Gotham girl. Reginald Marsh has a keen eye for the comings and goings of New York youngsters. Moreover, to prove that all American art is not concerned with Americans, a painter like that poetic draftsman, Bernard Karfiol, modernizes a return to what might almost be called impressionism.

So today as always the academic and the advanced fight their age-old battle from their respective shelters, which in New York, at least, are the National Academy on the one hand and the Whitney Museum of American Art on the other. National Academicians still believe in interpreting the gracious side of life by way of sound technique. They range from such an experienced impressionist as Edward W. Redfield to a draftsman like Leon Kroll who sees his classic figures with present-day eyes. In the Whitney Museum, without board, president, or formal resolutions, creative and interpretive aims are simple but cherished. In the shadow of that Tenth Street façade we may find such painters as Henry Mattson, the poetic mystic by land or sea, or Henry Lee McFee, the emotional intellectual.

Of course many artists cannot be pigeonholed. There is Eugene Speicher, with his emotional understanding of



"RED" MOORE—BLACKSMITH
By EUGENE SPEICHER
Lent by the Artist

color and design and deep-founded structural technique, who, as a figure painter stands by himself. There is Yasuo Kuniyoshi, a lyrical stylist who brings together the feeling of the east and the west.

I know only too well how bewildering are these waves of art that have passed over us for two hundred and seventy years. Patience. As to what it is all about, each and every one of us must make up his own mind tentatively, never permanently; for the fascinating thing is that art constantly changes. We must beware of those who talk of color, composition, rhythm, and form, or before we know it we will be mistaking the bones of art for the spirit of art. All that the best of painters may do is to affect us by means of the emotional content of their compositions. Picturemakers are not appealing to our minds but to our feelings.

CRITICS, BEWARE!

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

—MILTON

GOOD BOOKS

BEGINNING November tenth, librarians, educators, parents, booksellers, and publishers will join with the children of America to celebrate Children's Book Week—one week during each year when nation-wide attention is concentrated on books for boys and girls in order that a new impetus may be given to their enjoyment and love of reading. This year the slogan is Good Books—Good Friends.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh will celebrate Book Week in the Boys and Girls Department at the Central Library in Schenley Park and also in each of the branch libraries scattered throughout the city. There will be special story hours, visiting classes from neighborhood schools, poster and book displays, and Book Week programs.

SURVEY OF AMERICAN PAINTING FREE LECTURES

(Illustrated)

TUESDAY EVENINGS AT 8:15 P.M.
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

OCTOBER

29—Homer Saint-Gaudens, Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, "The Story of American Painting."

NOVEMBER

5—Oskar Hagen, Chairman of the Department of History and Criticism of Art, University of Wisconsin, "The Beginning of American Painting."

12—Royal Cortissoz, Art Editor, New York Herald Tribune, "The Genius of American Art."

19—William M. Milliken, Director, Cleveland Museum of Art, "American Painting, a Survey and a Challenge."

26—Dudley Crafts Watson, Extension Lecturer, Art Institute of Chicago, "American Art—The True Index to American Life."

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 2:30 P.M.
CARNEGIE LECTURE HALL

NOVEMBER

3—Elmer A. Stephan, Director of Art, Pittsburgh Public Schools.

10—Walter Read Hovey, Head, Department of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh.

17—Everett Warner, Associate Professor, Department of Painting and Design, Carnegie Institute of Technology.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



ONE day some four years ago Mr. B. G. Follansbee made a subscription to the Carnegie Institute for the Patrons Art Fund of \$10,000, payable under the usual conditions of \$1,000 a year for ten years. He expressed his deep interest in the work and merit of the Institute and said that he desired to have a part in developing the cultural growth of the community. He was a frequent visitor to the Institute, always ready with praise for the exhibits in the Art and Museum halls. Since the death of Mr. Follansbee, his executors have forwarded a check for \$6,000, representing the balance of his subscription through the following six years.

Into Jason's Garden the other day came a man who had long wooed the muses in promoting Pittsburgh's cultural life. There was a glow of friendliness and philanthropy in his face that shed a radiance over all the flowers in the Garden. The Gardener felt instinctively that it was nice to be near him. He had come, he said, to say goodbye before going away in search of health; and in making his will he wanted to provide a bequest to the Carnegie Institute of Technology in some form that would encourage the boys and girls to press on in their work. His own suggestion was for two scholarship prizes—for musical instrument excellence and for musical composition; and the next day the trust officer called to say that the will had been executed with a bequest of \$10,000, which, he said, might expand itself to \$20,000, and our good friend was informed that his intended gift would be worth \$60,000 when the final two-for-one settlement is made by the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

Another friend whose name is concealed by the Gardener came into the Garden and gave Jason a cash present of \$300 for the Carnegie Tech Fund,

which, under the same rule of three, will be worth \$900 in 1946.

Several years ago there was in attendance at the Carnegie Institute of Technology a brilliant student, Sheldon Hartford, of Pittsburgh. His promising work after his graduation in 1937 was cut short by his untimely death. His mother, Mrs. R. V. Nuttall, has now presented a check for \$3,000 to establish the Sheldon Hartford Memorial Library Fund in the department of chemical engineering in memory of her son, who received the Tech Bachelor of Science degree in Chemical Engineering. This gift will be added to the Endowment Fund of 1946, when it will be worth \$9,000.

And then we have a seeming regiment of graduates and students who have made these contributions to that Fund:

The Alumni Federation sent in \$267 which was contributed to the Carnegie Tech 1946 Endowment Fund by the following alumni: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Austraw, John Babin, Joseph D. Batchelder, Walter G. Berl, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Blair, John Boyd, Edward S. Bucher, Mrs. Rex Corns, Mary M. Danley, John S. Douglass, Dorothy Douglas, Anna Farbotnik, Albert K. Fischer, Cora E. Gerwig, David O. Gifford, Charles Gronauer, Mrs. W. H. Harrold, Mrs. R. L. Heminger, S. J. Hyle, David R. Ingalls, Paul H. Jonietz, A. J. Kerr, Francis J. Klampay, Russell K. Lee, Helen M. Lutton, Mrs. A. H. MacFadden, John F. Maxwell, Donald T. May, R. D. Mayne, James D. Miller, Mrs. Ford C. Mohney, Virginia Moore, Harold A. Mueller, Arne Olson, Inez H. Pille, F. R. Rex, Mrs. F. W. Rhodes, George A. Schambach, Ralph Scherger, W. E. Schlossnagel, Elizabeth B. Steele, R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. G. R. Sylvester, Mrs. James C. Vance, Ruth E. Welty, Jonathan S. White, James M. Wilson, and Margaret Yarlett.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Another large gift from the Alumni Federation of \$194.14 was contributed by the following: Francis Abrino, M. R. Baum, C. C. Britsch, A. R. Brock, H. L. Bryant, Robert H. Caffee, Mrs. R. Robert Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Douglass, Mrs. B. W. Dunham, Mrs. W. M. Earl, Leora R. Ehni, C. Sue Fuller, James S. Gerber, J. R. Gilbert, H. P. Greenwald, John B. Helmbold, C. W. Houston, Roger Ingham, Mrs. Anthony Kebe, Fred G. Keller, Bernard J. Kelly, Bernard J. Lynch, Anna H. Mead, W. A. Milliron, G. T. Narrance, W. H. Oakley, Robert J. Patterson, Robert J. Price, Jean A. Ritzel, Mrs. John Sabol, Mrs. P. Dixon Schermerhorn, W. G. Schmucker, Mrs. W. R. Seip, Marjorie H. Shaw, Rebecca E. Shiras, Katharine H. Sload, P. Hoffer Sload, Charlotte Smith, Alfred M. Stachle, J. F. Tabler, M. S. Wadsworth, Harry R. Wall, and Helen E. Wassell.

Adding the gift of \$6,000 to the sums that have been acknowledged here before for the Carnegie Institute, and the \$300, \$3,000, \$267, and \$194.14 to the amount heretofore reported in the new Endowment Fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, brings the total received on our \$4,000,000 to \$1,590,211.11, leaving \$2,409,788.89 to be contributed before 1946; and the sum reported for the Carnegie Institute for the years from April 1927 to \$1,282,731.49. In addition to these funds the Carnegie Institute of Technology has received gifts of \$230,745.68 for operation and equipment, and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has received \$40,379.12, making the total cash gifts for the three institutions during the thirteen years since the inauguration of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE \$3,144,067.40. The Garden of Gold is always open to friends who desire to continue this fruitful planting.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC GIFT

IN November 1938 announcement was made of a series of concerts to be given by Pittsburgh's New Friends of Music, a nonprofit organization composed of several young people interested in making available at low cost the best in chamber music, solo instrumental works, and lieder. The artists and ensembles, chosen not as virtuoso performers but for their ability to play the music already chosen by the New Friends, are, nevertheless, the finest obtainable. Presented in simple fashion and without the usual fanfare of publicity of concert performances, the concerts have been enthusiastically received, thereby proving the New Friends' theory that music itself is enough to interest the community.

In order that music lovers and music students may familiarize themselves with the works heard on this series of concerts, the New Friends established the policy last year of giving the music

to be performed to the Music Division of the Carnegie Library each year in advance of the season's concerts. This may be consulted by any patrons of the concerts or general public of the Library. During the concert season the works may be withdrawn from the Music Division for only one week, but at the end of the season the music will be loaned for the usual two-week period. Among these works, for which music is now available in the Library, are Brahms's "String Quartet in B Flat Major," Mozart's "Quintet for Piano and Woodwinds," Prokofieff's "Piano Sonata No. 3," the Schnabel edition of the Beethoven "Piano Sonatas," Schumann's song cycle, "Frauen-Liebe und Leben," various songs of Hugo Wolf, as well as many other works.

The New Friends have arranged five excellent programs for this winter, to be given in Foster Memorial Hall, by courtesy of the University of Pittsburgh.

SUMMER MUSEUM RESEARCH

THE field work of the Carnegie Museum that takes place annually during the summer resulted this year in the acquisition of many new specimens for the Museum collections, and, in one case at least, in major discoveries that will necessitate the revision of former scientific statements.

In the Section of Ornithology, Arthur C. Twomey collected a complete series of over twelve hundred birds in Arizona—one of the largest and finest units ever brought in from the field to this department in one season. This number does not include some one hundred specimens that were collected by the Curator of the Section, W. E. Clyde Todd, who joined Dr. Twomey for several weeks in June. Two shipments of birds were also sent in from Mexico by John B. Semple, a member of the Board of Trustees, and George Miksch Sutton, formerly of the Museum staff and now Curator of Ornithology at Cornell University.

Two field parties were sent out by the Section of Vertebrate Paleontology, one under the Curator, J. LeRoy Kay, and one under John Clark, Assistant Curator, to the fossiliferous regions of Utah and Montana. Their most important discoveries were a large series of mammalian remains in the Green River formation, the Carnegie Museum being the only repository in the country of this kind of material. Research in the Sage Creek region in Montana and the unexplored portion of Utah, northwest of the Uinta Basin, resulted in some entirely new angles on the interpretation of the strata of that part of the country. In the Section of Invertebrate Paleontology, investigations of the forms of an early geological period—the Ordovician—were carried on by E. R. Eller, who enriched the Museum's unique collection of microscopic fossil worm jaws and discovered the classification of some early specimens that

have remained questionable since 1878. These worm jaws are especially important in the identification of the fossiliferous strata as belonging to definite geological periods.

The Curator of the Section of Herpetology, M. Graham Netting, assisted by Neil D. Richmond, successfully investigated the distribution of snakes, salamanders, and frogs in West Virginia. Additions to this department during the summer months amount to about twelve hundred specimens. In the Section of Invertebrate Zoology, the staff applied their efforts in the field to the collection of shells in southwestern and western Pennsylvania. Extensive research has been done also on the molluscs of West Virginia and the sphaeridiac of the world.

In the Section of Entomology, about two thousand insects were collected by members of the staff in Pennsylvania, particularly near Erie. Dr. Avinoff, Director of the Carnegie Museum, again visited Jamaica, returning with some two thousand butterflies and moths that will be added to the collection of thirteen thousand specimens accumulated from that island during recent years. This new series includes many rarities and novel forms for the island, one of which will be described in a narrative that Dr. Avinoff has in preparation for the November issue of *THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*.

LeRoy K. Henry and David R. Sumstine, of the Section of Botany, collected twenty-five hundred specimens of mushrooms from western Pennsylvania, thus making the Museum's collection of local fungi unexcelled.

While all this field work was progressing, other members of the Museum staff were preparing specimens for public exhibition and for future reference so that the results of the work carried on here may be available for public use at any time.

"ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS"

*A Review of Nicholas Murray Butler's Autobiography
(Scribners, 2 Volumes, \$3.75 Each)*

BY DOROTHY NUTTALL

HERE is a man who is a supreme world figure writing his autobiography. We say world figure advisedly for, beginning with Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Cardinal Newman, and Pope Leo XIII, it has been Nicholas Murray Butler's happy fortune to meet, to talk with, and often to know in warm friendship many of the men of national and world importance on both sides of the Atlantic who have lived during the past half-century. Knowing this, the reader who opens this book looks forward with keen pleasure to the intimate revelations both of national and international affairs and of the famous personalities who are connected with them that are contained in his autobiography, "Across the Busy Years." And the versatility of the mind portrayed there, as well as the universal breadth of Dr. Butler's interests make the story a notable one in the literature of biography.

In the "Apologia" to this work the author reveals the high principles of a world citizen which have given success to his own life. "The intellectual life," he says, "when combined with interest in public affairs, may bring personal rewards and satisfactions in the form of friendships and associations which nothing else could possibly do. The intellectual life, university service, deep interest in international relationships and international understanding, and active participation in public affairs are the foundations upon which these fortunate friendships and associations have been built."

But it is Columbia University that has expressed the soul of Nicholas Murray Butler, and every activity of his life has been secondary and incidental to the self-chosen task of planning and

building, upon the foundations of historic Columbia College, a university in the fullest sense of the word, and his work there has dominated his life for the past forty years. In his opinion, however, "The relationship between the ideals of a true university and politics is quite definite. Politics is the doctrine of how men may live together happily and helpfully in an organized society. It is precisely to the service of politics so defined that the University aims to bring the fruit of its labors through the lives of those who, as teachers or students, have come under its training and its influence."

Nicholas Murray Butler was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1862, and lived and was educated up to the college age in Paterson. He entered Columbia College in 1878—an entirely different school from Columbia University—and the chapters on his undergraduate days and on the administration of the school by Dr. Barnard at that time are among the most interesting in this stately narrative. His tribute to President Barnard's work and character throughout the years in which he was associated with Columbia is one that illuminates the achievements of that outstanding educator, and the comments by Dr. Butler on Victorian college methods are very enlightening to readers of today who have been educated by the university as a finished product, with no thought as to the origins of its being.

As the whole university movement was beginning to take on new forms and new vigor at the time Dr. Butler returned from his graduate study abroad and joined the faculty of Columbia College, he, with other members of the teaching staff, had the opportunity of suggesting to the college trustees a plan

for building and developing Columbia University, a plan which was adopted in substance and on which the University was built. It was at this time, when the same impulse toward university development and university building was manifesting itself throughout the United States, that Dr. Butler made his final choice of an affiliation that began when he joined the Columbia faculty in the autumn of 1885, and kept him there against the enticements of other positions in public and private life.

During the closing years of the administration of President Barnard, the College was in a state of ferment and turmoil. New ideas and new projects were being brought forward year by year, and upon Dr. Barnard's retirement, plans for expansion were still being formulated. Seth Low's presidency of twelve years saw still more changes in the organization, and when Nicholas Murray Butler was made president in 1901 the university had come fully into existence, and during the next years reached out with all the strength and all the ideals that were to make it an outstanding national and international powerhouse of scholarship and service, responding not only to the highest ideals of the intellectual and spiritual life, but to the insistent and many-sided needs of modern democratic society.

Since he began to attend Republican national conventions in 1880, Dr. Butler's recollections of each one up to 1932, and of the great and little men

connected with them, are exceedingly stimulating. He includes a full story of the convention in 1920, when his name was presented by the New York delegation for President; but as the balloting proceeded, his friends withdrew his name in favor of Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. He affirms that the conventions of 1924, 1928, and 1932 gave evidence through their platforms and chairmen of a combination of

intellectual confusion and moral cowardice which were reflected in the steadily weakened hold of the Republican party organization on the people of the country. The convention of 1932, he implies, had reached such a low ebb that he resolved that his work in party organization as then constituted was at an end. He intimates that the whole of the party's political structure—largely owing to Henry Cabot Lodge's control of the Republican majority

in the Senate—has been going steadily downhill since 1919, and that it will stay down until "ideas and ideals, as well as the courage to expound and to defend genuine American principles in a spirit of true forward-facing liberalism with full recognition of the new international world that time and circumstance have created, come to take possession of it and to transfuse it with new and vivifying blood so that it may offer a new, liberal, and constructive leadership to the youth of the land."

He feels also that if political leaders had permitted the nomination of Elihu Root in 1916, the whole subsequent his-



NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

tory of our country would almost certainly have been transformed. No American in the last half-century, in Dr. Butler's opinion, has equalled Senator Root in the field of constructive statesmanship or in intellectual grasp and power of exposition. With Root's leadership, he feels that the party would have been prepared to go forward constructively to new and progressive policies, including those in international co-operation that would be absolutely necessary if war is to be abolished and world trade established and made secure. He says on this subject:

Certainly, the time is ripe for presenting to American public opinion a political program which will not be one of mere criticism and attack, but one of constructive and definite proposal for the solution of the many new and pressing economic, social, and political problems that confront our people. Such few of these as are primarily national are inextricably mixed with the many that are international. . . .

Prosperity is not, and can no longer be, the characteristic of one nation only or of a few nations. If it exists at all, it will be, generally speaking, world-wide. International peace can no longer be the concern only of two governments which may be on the verge of conflict, for events have made it the concern of every government which really cares for the happiness and security of its own people. Economic war may be quite as destructive of national prosperity as is armed warfare. If the Republican party organization of tomorrow is intelligent enough and sufficiently open-minded to see these facts and to act upon them, the Republican Party may well begin another long period of helpful service to the American people.

Dr. Butler's second volume is concerned first with his experiences in meeting people in high places abroad and in the Far East, and in his concern for international understanding and international co-operation. In 1910 Elihu Root, Dr. Butler, and others were chosen by Andrew Carnegie for the promotion of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, thus opening the way for the well-organized and systematic education of public opinion throughout the civilized world toward the abolition of war. The group has been able to do important work in the great centers of civilization, and many

constructive results have come from its undertakings. In spite of the conflict that is raging today, much has been accomplished in making peoples hitherto strange and remote more familiar with each other through personal contact on the part of outstanding representatives of the life and thought of each of them. Dr. Butler here remarks:

If it be said that with all that has been done and spent by the Endowment international peace has not yet been secured, the obvious answer is that the impossible can not be achieved by the wisest plans for action. What has been accomplished is the establishment throughout the civilized world, among the people themselves, of an almost unanimous desire for peace and an equally unanimous detestation of the horrors and cruelties of war. The real obstacle still to be overcome is that which prevents public opinion from controlling the policy of governments. When that can be accomplished, peace will be secured.

Partly due to his work with the Carnegie Endowment and for other reasons of capability and background, Dr. Butler has been in close and confidential contact and conversation at various times during the past forty years with members of the governments of several of the world's great nations. This was particularly true at times when problems of the largest importance, national and international, were under consideration and discussion. Arising from one of these contacts was an episode which gave him personal insight into one of the greatest crises in the history and development of the British constitution.

It happened that a long contest between the House of Commons and the House of Lords had been in progress for two hundred and fifty years over the control of money bills. A deadlock had occurred in the two years before 1910, and Mr. Asquith, who was then Prime Minister, conceived the idea of holding a secret Constitutional Conference representing the leaders of the two great political parties to discuss some conflicting aspects of the machinery of government. The Liberal Party, headed by Asquith, Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, Haldane, and Campbell-Bannerman, had formulated a new set of

policies of taxation and of social reforms which had been well tested in public opinion and were supported by an overwhelming vote in the House of Commons. The House of Lords, however, vigorously opposed the measures and for two years had refused to pass them. This had gone on with so much excitement that people were wondering what could possibly happen next, whether it would be revolution or the overthrow of the House of Lords. The principal questions to be discussed by this very secret Conference were in regard to procedures in such a case of deadlock, and Mr. Asquith invited Dr. Butler to attend one of their meetings and explain to this distinguished group of statesmen the workings of the Constitution of the United States in regard to provisions for controlling a similar situation there; also, the use in America of the referendum, the constitutional limits on financial legislation, and the actual working powers of the Senate. Here is the dramatic story in Dr. Butler's own words:

Of course, I told Mr. Asquith that it would be the greatest privilege and honor to meet the Constitutional Conference. He had fixed July 5 at quarter-past five in the afternoon. My confidential instructions were to discharge my cab before reaching St. Stephen's at precisely five o'clock, and then to go on foot into the courtyard of the second arch, where I should find a policeman. I was to identify myself by making a certain motion of my right hand. The policeman would thereby recognize me. I was to say nothing to him, but simply to follow him.

I arrived at St. Stephen's at two or three minutes of five and held my watch in my hand until five o'clock struck. I then entered the archway and put out my right hand toward the policeman. He at once saluted me and turned. I followed him along a corridor. He opened a door and took me into the room of the Secretary to the Prime Minister, who rose and bowed politely without opening his lips. He moved to a door and opened it and I went in. There was the Constitutional Conference in session in the Prime Minister's private study, seated about a table, ready to receive the visitor for whom they had asked—the only foreigner, Mr. Asquith told me, who was ever permitted to meet the Conference.

They were enormously interested in hearing of the American system of public law and were anxious to see what

lessons they might learn in attempting to solve the grave problems that had arisen in the working of their own parliamentary system. Mr. Asquith's desire for a peaceful settlement of the entire question by new rules of constitutional procedure came to no success, however, for after thirty meetings of the Conference, it failed to reach any agreement on the measures at issue. By this time the government had determined to enact a law that would establish, once and for all, the supremacy of the House of Commons. This "Parliament Bill" provided that if a money bill had been passed by the House of Commons and sent up to the House of Lords at least one month before the end of the session, and was not passed by the House of Lords without amendment within one month, the bill should then be presented to the King and become an act of Parliament on receiving his assent, notwithstanding the fact that the House of Lords had failed to pass it. An authoritative declaration from the King, through Mr. Asquith, indicated that the Parliament Bill would be passed, regardless of the excitement against it. And it was passed, in 1911, after two nights of debate that Dr. Butler says constituted a turning point in the history of representative institutions, and at which he was present.

Other important pieces of confidential diplomacy are recounted by Dr. Butler, some humorous, mostly serious, but all entertaining and indulging the reader in glimpses behind the scenes of American and world politics. The facts concerning the fate of the Versailles Treaty in Washington and President Wilson's reactions to the proposed reservations make excellent reading. The connection of Senator Kellogg with the Kellogg Pact is also eye-opening to the average reader. These are only two of the many incidents of high interest.

Nicholas Murray Butler has been a burning bush in the midst of his University, and the supreme distinctions of his life have illuminated Columbia with honor and majesty.

THINGS FOR EVERYBODY TO DO

THE turning wheels of time have brought us around again to the indoor days of specialized work at the Carnegie Institute. Hobbies at the Institute are not limited to any particular age, but are planned to include all those who wish to become enrolled in the exploration of the diverting fields of art, music, and science education.

In some cases, if it is so desired, it is not even necessary to be more than a visitor to enjoy the recreation offered by the Institute. For instance, the organ recitals by Dr. Marshall Bidwell, Organist and Director of Music for the Carnegie Institute, are of such variety and so inclusive of music of all periods and of all styles that the general public as well as the specialist in the field of the organ can enjoy the recitals with a common appreciation. These concerts are given each Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon from October until July. Special programs are planned for the Christmas and Lenten seasons that will be announced at a later date.

The spectator as well as the participant in the field of painting can revel in the Survey of American Painting that is being shown in the Fine Arts Galleries on the second and third floors, and he will receive a new light on these paintings, both retrospective and contemporary from the lectures that are being given each Tuesday night from October 29 to November 26 in the Carnegie Music Hall in connection with the collection.

For those interested in natural history, the Museum Lecture Series will be characterized by a wide diversity of subjects. These lectures will include travel and exploration accounts as experienced by the Museum curators and will be illustrated with moving pictures and slides, both in color and in black and white. These ever popular programs are highly informative and are prepared with the aim of presenting various interesting and unfamiliar phases of the natural history and geography of the world, and, so far as possible, they are nontechnical. They will be given in the Carnegie Lecture Hall on Sundays at 2:15 P.M.; the exact dates to be announced in the November CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.

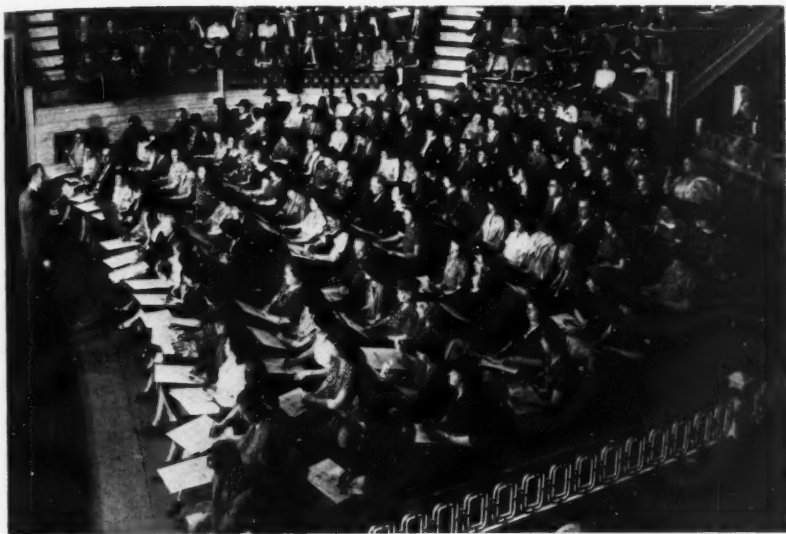
For the adult visitor who wishes work in which he can participate, there is a sketch class each Tuesday evening. This group meets in the Lecture Hall and then, as a rule, roams about the building, choosing subjects for sketching at random from the Museum and Fine Arts

collections. This class has always been popular with Pittsburghers, and those who have graduated into the painting class, which meets on Monday nights, are also enthusiastic about their progress. In fact, some of the members of this group have taken up painting so seriously that they attended class in art instruction during the summer months.

It will be seen that the attention of the educational sections of the Museum and the Fine Arts Depart-



A MEMBER OF THE
MUSEUM NATURE STUDY CLASS



TUESDAY EVENING SKETCH CLASS

ment has already been turned to the needs of the children of Pittsburgh for the coming year. Early in September regularly scheduled classes from public, parochial, and private schools began to attend lectures in the Institute: learning the meaning of ancient and contemporary art and science forms, studying the present-day water and land specimens, and seeing the huge dinosaurs—of which the Carnegie Museum has a celebrated collection—that were the forerunners of the comparatively small species of our time. The greatest sculptures of mankind—those Elgin Marbles that Phidias created in the golden age of Greece—and other examples of classical art in the Sculpture and Architectural Halls are among the points of interest that are explained to these school classes as well as to many individual groups who come every day from distant points for explanatory tours of the building. The number of children who came into the Institute for the purpose of instruction during the year 1939 was about 30,000, and approximately 25,000 more attended the

special classes and groups that make Saturday such a busy day at the Carnegie Institute.

This is the day when the boys and girls attend their classes in art and science early in the morning; and in the afternoon during the winter months there are free motion pictures for them in the Lecture Hall. These pictures will start in November and will include educational features and some comedies, but will be primarily on the subjects of natural history and industry.

Saturday afternoon in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh is the day on which stories are told; when boys and girls come from a wide neighborhood to hear the old and the new in fact and folklore, some of them coming to hear the same story many times because they love it so much and enjoy hearing it told again and again.

THE COMPOSER AND THE POET

The man who reveals new beauties in music enriches human life in one of its highest phases, and is to be ranked with the true poet.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE



"THE PLAYS THE THING"

From "Shakespeare as Actor and Critic"

BY GEORGE HENRY LEWES



[As there has not, up to now, been a play performance at the Carnegie Tech Little Theater, this department of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE is presenting an excerpt from "The Art of Acting," by George Henry Lewes, a noted essayist and critic of the past century. In the November number Harold Geoghegan will resume his reviews of the drama productions, beginning with George Kelly's play, "Craig's Wife."]

THAT Shakespeare, as critic, had mastered the principles of the art of acting is apparent from the brief but pregnant advice to the players in "Hamlet." He first insists on the necessity of a flexible elocution. He gives no rules for the management of voice and accent; but in his emphatic warning against the common error of "mouth-ing," and his request to have the speech spoken "trippingly on the tongue," it is easy to perceive what he means. The word "trippingly," to modern ears, is not perhaps felicitously descriptive; but the context shows that it indicates easy naturalness as opposed to artificial mouthing. It is further enforced by the advice as to gesture: "Do not saw the air too much with your hand, but use all gently."

After the management of the voice, actors most err in the management of the body: they mouth their sentences, and emphasize their gestures, in the effort to be effective, and in ignorance of the psychological conditions on which effects depend. In each case the effort to aggrandise natural expression leads to exaggeration and want of truth. In attempting the ideal they pass into the artificial. The tones and gestures of ordinary unimpassioned moments would not, they feel, be appropriate to ideal character and impassioned situations; and the difficulty of the art lies precisely in the selection of idealized expressions which shall, to the spectator, be symbols of real emotions. All but very great actors are redundant in gesticulation; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. Shakespeare

must have daily seen this; and therefore he bids the actor "suit the action to the word with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at first and now, was and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature."

It would be worth the actor's while to borrow a hint from the story of Voltaire's pupil, when, to repress her tendency toward exuberant gesticulation, he ordered her to rehearse with her hands tied to her side. She began her recitation in this enforced quietness, but at last, carried away by the movement of her feelings, she flung up her arms, and snapped the threads. In tremor she began to apologize to the poet; he smilingly reassured her that the gesticulation was then admirable, because it was irrepressible. If actors will study fine models they will learn that gestures, to be effective, must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage—and not appear a guy—is one of the elementary difficulties of the art—and one which is rarely mastered.

Having indicated his views on declamation, Shakespeare proceeds to utter golden advice on expression. He specially warns the actor against both overvehemence and coldness. Remembering that the actor is an artist, he insists on the observance of that cardinal principle in all art, the subordination of impulse to law, the regulation of all effects with a view to beauty. "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that

may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings." What is this but a recognition of the mastery of art, by which the ruling and creating intellect makes use of passionate symbols, and subordinates them to a pleasurable end? If the actor were really in a passion his voice would be a scream, his gestures wild and disorderly; he would present a painful, not an esthetic spectacle. He must therefore select from out the variety of passionate expressions only those that can be harmoniously subordinated to a general whole. He must be at once passionate and temperate: trembling with emotion, yet with a mind in vigilant supremacy controlling expression, directing every intonation, look, and gesture. The rarity of fine acting depends on the difficulty there is in being at one and the same moment so deeply moved that the emotion shall spontaneously express itself in symbols universally intelligible, and yet so calm as to be perfect master of effects, capable of modulating voice and moderating gesture when they tend to excess or ugliness. . . .

Some critics, annoyed by rant, complain of the ranter being "too fiery." As Lessing says, an actor cannot have too much fire, but he may easily have too little sense. Vehemence without real emotion is rant; vehemence with real emotion, but without art, is turbulence. To be loud and exaggerated is the easy resource of actors who have no faculty; to be vehement and agitated is to betray the inexperience of one who has not yet mastered the art. "Be not too tame neither," Shakespeare quickly adds, lest his advice should be misunderstood, "but let your own discretion be your tutor." Yes; the actor's discretion must tell him when he has hit upon the right tone and right expression, which must first be suggested to him by his own feelings. In endeavoring to express emotions, he will try various tones, various gestures, various

accelerations and retardations of the rhythm; and during this tentative process his vigilant discretion will arrest those that are effective, and discard the rest. . . .

We sometimes hear amateur critics object to fine actors that they are every night the same, never varying their gestures or their tones. This is stigmatized as "mechanical"; and the critics innocently oppose to it some ideal of their own which they call "inspiration." Actors would smile at such nonsense. What is called inspiration is the mere haphazard of carelessness or incompetence; the actor is seeking an expression which he ought to have found when studying his part. What would be thought of a singer who sang his aria differently every night? In the management of his breath, in the distribution of light and shade, in his phrasing, the singer who knows how to sing never varies. The timbre of his voice, the energy of his spirit, may vary; but his methods are invariable. Actors learn their parts as singers learn their songs. Every detail is deliberative, or has been deliberated. The very separation of Art from Nature involves this calculation. The sudden flash of suggestion which is called inspiration may be valuable, it may be worthless: the artistic intellect estimates the value, and adopts or rejects it accordingly.

Trusting to the inspiration of the moment is like trusting to a shipwreck for your first lesson in swimming. Shakespeare, who had learned this in his experience as a dramatist, saw that it was equally true of dramatic representation. The want of calculation in actors distressed him. He saw the public applauding players "who having neither the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed" that they seemed the products of Nature's journeymen. He saw them mistaking violence for passion, turbulence for art, and he bade them remember the purpose of playing, which was to hold the mirror up to Nature.



IS WORLD BROTHERHOOD POSSIBLE?

A RECENT brief news note from the Associated Press, illuminating the constant agonies of war, reads as follows:

Bucharest—Tens of thousands of Rumanian public employes, judges, army officers, and politicians, with their families, began a great exodus last night to old Rumania from northern Transylvania, which soon will belong to Hungary.

Isn't this expulsion of people from their own soil due to the operation of the tribal instinct in Europe? These migrations of nationalistic groups have followed at almost every step of the forward movement of the war. In many cases, even before the invasion had arrived, there was a controlling influence of the tribal prejudice which made a true union of citizenship impossible. The provisions of the Versailles Treaty for the grouping of heterogeneous masses of people into geographical locations were based upon the theory that if all were endowed with liberty and equality they would forget their ancient grudges and organize themselves into communities where fraternity would fuse them into national wholeness.

But this benevolent motive quickly proved itself a fallacious one. It was found impossible within the limits of a generation dating from Versailles to extinguish the tribal hatreds which centuries of European warfare had sown into the hearts of all men against their neighbors. Beyond that, the states-

men at Versailles committed an inexcusable blunder in giving racial designations to the new states created by them, instead of following the time-honored custom of using geographical names for the new foundations. Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia—these were the names of homogeneous families, not countries; yet they might have served the purpose if there had been no other races embraced within the limits of the new statehoods. But in all these organizations there were many groups also included that were not recognized in the chosen titles—such as Germans, Poles, Rumanians, Lithuanians, Latvians, Hungarians, and so forth. Above all, there was no spiritual fusion of races. Each group cherished a rivalry and a grievance, either secret or public, against all the others; and in the course of the political administration of each country it was unavoidable that the intended merger should be defeated by the power of ancient tribal traditions. For example, the Greeks who for hundreds of years had lived in Turkey, and the Turks who had lived in like manner in Greece were ruthlessly dispossessed, and, as it were, torn out by the roots, and made to wander as refugees in search of homes among so-called people of their own stock who knew them not and received them as strangers. That is the story, recurring today with every forward movement of the war, which is emphasized in the newspaper note quoted above. "The Great Exodus Begins"—that is the title of the article—

and the exodus is spreading itself over every square foot of Europe.

The strange thing about it is that these distressing incidents, so common in Europe, could not happen in America. Emigrant sections from all these racial groups who are refusing the boon of brotherhood to their neighbors are embraced in the permanent citizenship of the United States. There is no trace of the old tribal prejudice in any part of our nation. Once adopted as Americans, they cease to be anything else. The Germans who came here for greater freedom and a wider humanity have been absorbed into a fellowship that knows no name but American, and they have steadily enriched our country with the qualities which, in the long ago, gave Germany its true greatness. It is so with every other race under the sun. There is no spot in all the wide world where men and women dwell that has not contributed to the population of America. In their native countries, although they never understood why they must kill their neighbors, these people found no deliverance from war and the serfdom that goes with war. But coming here they lose their tribal consciousness and their racial names; if they have brought hither any arrogance of birth they quickly yield it to the universal equality of our great Republic; they soon imbibe the spirit of liberty; and in time there comes to them a spiritual force which all share in common and which makes it possible to hold together a great population as one family because human brotherhood has been developed here and does exist, regardless of any former tribe, or race, or nation.

NO USE FOR DRIED STICKS

THE generous gift of the Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation of \$300,000 has enabled President Robert E. Doherty to carry the Carnegie Institute of Technology into the second year of the permanent program of social relations which has so greatly enriched the work

of the students in their college life. The plans that are now in force there, in harmony with those that are being developed by the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, are providing what is, in effect, a new charter for engineering education. This course, in its full adoption, includes an understanding of the evolution of the social organization now going on throughout the world, and of the influence of science and engineering on its development. Problems requiring a critical analysis involving social and economic elements will be presented to the students, and they will be required to arrive at an intelligent opinion concerning them, and to read with discrimination and purpose toward these ends. Then comes the requirement for their study of the great masterpieces of literature, and an understanding of their influence upon civilization; they will then be enabled to organize their thoughts logically and to express them lucidly and convincingly in oral and written English. An effort will be made to develop their moral, ethical, and social foundations, such as may be essential to a career that will be helpful to the public welfare, and to a sound professional attitude. Finally, the student will be enabled to acquire such a pleasure in these pursuits as will make their continued study an inspiration.

It is easily recognized that President Doherty is aiming the constructive powers of his mind against a tendency in synthetic training to emphasize purely technical education to a point where it might produce a race of dried sticks. Darwin made a melancholy confession in his later years that his absorption in scientific subjects had been so absolute that his early love of art and literature as such had passed from him, and that now he could not endure to listen to poetry or music, or dwell upon the exhibitions of art and sculpture, which seemed to give so much pleasure to other people. Goethe expressed the other side of the question in this famous passage:

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The spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the perfect that one ought every day to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if it were possible to speak a few reasonable words.

Unless the intellectual and spiritual processes of the student are built up during his adolescent years, beginning preferably in childhood and extending through his college course, it is very probable that his entrance upon his professional study will be pursued with a mind that will set itself hard and fast upon technical requirements to the exclusion of these humanizing branches of learning.

The growth of adult education in recent years, enormously helped by appropriations from Andrew Carnegie's fortune, has emphasized the fact that the acquirement of knowledge must never stop. The student when he graduates is not equipped with all learning. On the contrary, his diploma marks the beginning of wisdom through his study of the thought and action of all time. The end of all education is to train men and women for human service. And this is the supreme end that President Doherty has kept constantly before him in extending his methods into the things that are sure to bring happiness into the scheme of life, wherever education can touch it and guide it.

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